

ALBERTA Street News

Volume 11

Issue 3

2014



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 Medieval Mandrel
 Sweet Carousel Corsetry
 Paintings by Linda Dumont

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March for Missing and Murdered Women - Page 8
 Above: Speaker Mona Cill with organizer Danielle Boudreau

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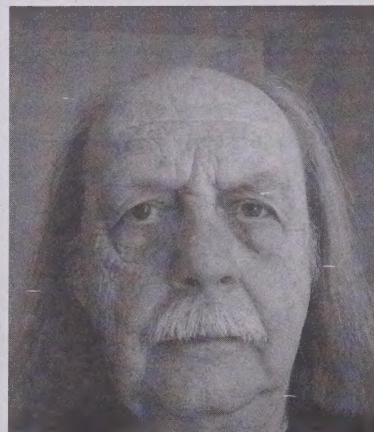
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On Personal Responsibility

Life Lessons From The “Loser Cruiser”



By Allan Sheppard

Long-distance bus travel, which
I enjoy frequently, need not be
boring. In fact, it can be instructive.

On a recent ride on the “loser
cruiser”—a return trip from
Toronto—the driver found
evidence that a young man had
been smoking in the on-board
washroom. According to company
policy, the youth should have been
put off the bus immediately; due to
bitter weather, the driver told him
he could stay on board to Yorkton,
two hours away.

While the rest of us stretched our
legs in the terminal or smoked
outside at Yorkton, the young man
remained on the bus. When we
were ready to resume our journey,
the first driver and his replacement

for the next leg of the journey gave
the youth an offer: he could give
his remaining cigarettes to the
new driver and stay on the bus, or
he could keep his cigarettes and
get off. The chastened young man
gratefully accepted the first option.

I silently applauded the drivers
for their discretion. They had drawn
a line in the snow, as they had to,
then blurred the line and cut a
foolish youth a break.

I later learned the young man
was going to Dawson Creek,
B.C. for work. To have been cast
away in Yorkton would have been
devastating, a punishment out of
all proportion to the crime (serious
as it was), with probable dire
consequences.

Those drivers gave us a generous
life lesson: in the spirit of an old
Kenny Rogers song, you have to
know when to hold and when
to fold your cards. Those drivers
knew; they folded a winning
hand.

When we reached Edmonton at 3
a.m. the next day, many hours late,
the terminal was closed. The taxi
line-up was empty, but cars soon
began to arrive. Two men stood in
line before me.

One got into the first cab: no
problem. When the next man put
his hand on the passenger-door
handle, the second cabbie blasted
away. The reason for his reaction
was obvious: the man waiting in
front of me was Aboriginal. He
used a cane, and he seemed a bit
unsteady on his feet.

The cabbie wanted nothing to
do with him; he took off assuming

The Light Returns

By Angelique Branston

The night slowly breaks away,, piece by piece
Tiny shards of dim light peek through the cracks
A stillness has fallen long ago, but now
With the shards of light glinting through the blackness
There is hope that comes with dawn breaking.
Anticipation is felt in every breath
Of what new wonders this day may bring
It sounds forth with every bird as it sings its songs of joy
Into the dim morning light.
There will always be darkness, found by the side of a tree
Or in a deep crevasse in a wall
But as darkness gives way to light as it must
So to is the coldness seeping out of the land
And one can bask in the warmth of light.



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(I suppose) that the man was drunk. He wasn't; he had arrived on the same bus as I, and Greyhound has a zero-tolerance policy against drinking or even smelling of alcohol on its buses. But the man was an "Indian," probably drunk. If not drunk, he might not be able to pay his fare. Or worse; that cane...a possible weapon?

I called the cab company to complain. The woman who answered tried to excuse the driver: I must have misinterpreted; the driver probably left in response to another call. No way: I and the others who were there knew what we saw. But even if we had been wrong, the proper response would still have been to acknowledge my concern and suggest I call customer relations to report what had happened.

To his credit, the representative I spoke to a few days later agreed. He conceded that what happened at the terminal was wrong, but pointed out that, because I did not get the cab's number, he could not deal with the driver directly. I'd anticipated that; I didn't call assuming something would be done; I called because not to have called would have been to condone what had happened.

The cab company representative surprised me by saying I had identified an education and training issue for drivers and telephone staff, which he would pursue. Perhaps he followed through; perhaps not. But at least he heard my concern and reacted civilly—just as the Greyhound drivers had with their young passenger.

But what about the man who had been abandoned and insulted so

shamefully? When I left, he was still stranded on the sidewalk. Did he find a more tolerant cabbie? I don't know. I do know this: that man did not deserve what happened. He had done nothing to provoke the treatment he received—unless, of course, the mere fact of being what he is (always was and will be: an "Indian") is reason enough.

I can't help wondering how the personal-responsibility Nazis (as I choose to call them) among us would interpret the contrasting experiences of an Aboriginal man outside the Edmonton bus terminal and a young, non-Aboriginal man on a Greyhound bus 16 hours earlier. The young man had exercised his personal autonomy (to use the ideological jargon) foolishly, and was forgiven. The Greyhound drivers did a good thing, not the right(wing) thing, not the doctrinaire thing, not the play-by-the-rules-and-damn-the-consequences thing, not the hold-the-guilty-accountable-or-risk-social-collapse thing, just the common-sense thing.

But my sense of the political and social climate today—as personified by many of our provincial, national, and international leaders and thinkers—would interpret the drivers' behaviour as a first small step down a slippery slope to anarchy. We must hold the guilty accountable. Always. And yet... Who should be accountable for what happened at the bus terminal?

The most obvious candidate—the cabbie—fled the scene. Surely there is no excuse for what he did. But would we say that inflexibly, if we knew the cabbie had once been physically attacked or robbed or

stiffed of his fare by an Aboriginal man? One with a cane? Such things, such coincidences, have happened. Would we be so quick to judge? Should we be so quick? Should we impose certainty where there is ambiguity? Can we, in justice?

As for the victim of that simple but cutting insult, how many indignities and casual injustices should he be expected to endure silently (as he did)? How many times should he be prepared to "suck it up" and get on with life? And if he finally explodes (or implodes, having been hollowed out by the acid of constant rejection), should he be held personally and solely responsible?

The hanging judges among us, the throw-the-book-at-them ideologues, do not have a just answer to the questions raised by the incident at the bus terminal, only ideological platitudes. At best, they may toss off a "stuff happens" evasion; at worst, they will rave on about social decay and the need to hold more people more inflexibly accountable, to set an example if for no more valid reason. An example of what and for what may not be clear, but inevitability of punishment will; law is indispensable, and easier to enforce, than justice.

I see a way through such dilemmas: taking personal responsibility, not in the sense of accepting personal blame or accountability for what other people do, but of using personal discretion to do what is most clearly the right thing in given circumstances. And in that sense, it seems to me now that there was at least one person who could have done a right and good thing at

the bus terminal; who is personally accountable for not doing so: me.

In cases where it is impossible to enforce personal responsibility for obvious wrong, or where strict application of the rules or the law would do more harm than good, community discretion and responsibility must enter the picture; the Greyhound drivers understood that. I did not, at least not at the time.

Personal-responsibility Nazis deny any and all notions of community responsibility. They allow no discretion, accept no excuses, and would leave no misdeed unpunished. I would expect them to do nothing.

But I do not deny community responsibility and celebrate it when I find it. I should have stayed with that Aboriginal man to help him get a cab or otherwise ensure that he would be OK. I did not. I let my own urgencies trump the obvious need of someone in genuine distress, through no fault of his own. I hold myself personally accountable for failing in my community responsibility when I could have acted.

And I hold those who (mis) govern us accountable for denying and undermining community responsibility, for shirking the social responsibility and accountability that should be theirs (because ours) when the scale of social injustice, inequity and arbitrariness is too big for one individual to challenge alone.

More next month.

Resources In Edmonton

SOMETHING TO EAT...

HOURS VARY - CALL 211 FOR MORE INFORMATION

Bissell Centre - daily sandwiches	780-423-2285 ext.140
Robert Tegner Friendship Room (adults only)	10527 96 Street
Boyle St. Community Services - daily lunch	780-424-4106
10116 105 Avenue	
Edmonton's Food Bank - food hampers (must call)	780-425-4190
Hope Mission	780-422-2018
9908 106 Avenue	
Marian Centre - daily lunch	780-424-3544
10528 98 Street	
McCauley Seniors Drop In (55+)	780-408-2970
9526 106 Avenue	
Mustard Seed - evening meals	780-426-5600
10635 96 Street	
Salvation Army - food hampers	
9620 101A Avenue (drop in)	780-424-9222
1241 Hyndman Road (by appointment)	780-472-6743

SOMEWHERE TO SLEEP...

FOR WOMEN

Women's Emergency Accommodation	780-423-5302
9611 101A Avenue	

FOR MEN

Herb Jamieson Centre	780-429-3470
10014 105A Avenue	
Salvation Army Short-Term Residence	780-429-4274
9611 102 Avenue	

FOR WOMEN & MEN

George Spady Centre (intoxicated)	780-424-8335
10015 105A Avenue	
Hope Mission	780-422-2018
9908 106 Avenue	
YMCA Downtown Housing (small fee)	780-421-9622
10030 102A Avenue	

FOR YOUTH

Hope Mission Youth Shelter	780-422-2018
9908 106 Avenue	
Youth Empowerment and Support Services - Shelter	780-468-7070
9310 82 Avenue	

SOMEONE TO TALK TO...

24-HOUR CRISIS LINES

Child Abuse Hotline	1-800-387-5437
Crisis Support Centre Distress Line	780-482-4357
Kids Help Phone	1-800-668-6868
Seniors' Abuse Helpline	780-454-8888
Sexual Assault Crisis Line	780-423-4121

IMMIGRATION SERVICES

Catholic Social Services	780-424-3545
10709 105 Street	
Changing Together - A Centre for Immigrant Women	780-421-0175
3rd Floor, 10010 105 Street	
Edmonton Mennonite Centre for Newcomers	780-424-7709
11713 82 Street	

COUNSELLING SERVICES (NO-FEE/SLIDING SCALE)

City of Edmonton	780-496-4777
Assessment and Short-term Counselling	
The Family Centre	780-424-5580
Urban Counselling Network	780-424-4106 ext.272

Memorial Vigil Held to Remember Kyle Young Ten Years After His Death



The makeshift memorial at the vigil to remember Kyle Young, January 22, 2014

The vigil January 22, 2014 on the west side of the Law Courts Building across from City Hall, was attended by more than a dozen members of the media, and a number of other people including Young's mother and sisters, and Rob Wells, who was the lone protester outside the courthouse after Young died. When asked why he went out with protest signs about what he saw as a lack of justice in the teen's alleged fall five floors down the elevator shaft, Wells said, "The question is not why I did this. The question is why everyone didn't do it." No charges were ever laid.

Loretta Young, Kyle's mother, said she hoped his death would bring attention to the need for training in dealing with teens, and with persons who have psychological problems. She told about how her son was not given his medication while he was in custody even though she took the medication to the facility, which caused his behaviour to escalate.



Rob Wells holing one of the signs he used ten years ago in his protest.

Following is from Byron Christopher's blog:

Former New Democrat MLA Jim Gurnett, who organized the event, said he wanted people to remember what happened to Kyle. Former MLA Jim Gurnett has words with Kyle Young's mother, Lorena, before the vigil began.



Photo by Byron Christopher

Lorena Young was reminded not to talk about the amount of money the family got from the lawsuit stemming from Kyle's death. Protestor Rob Wells, who wasn't alone the day of the vigil, recalled how upset he was in 2004 when he heard on the news that no charges would be laid in connection with the suspicious death.

Lawyer Tom Engel didn't mince words. He said the police investigation was nothing more than a coverup ... to protect the system. Lawyer Tom Engel speaking at the vigil for Kyle Young.



Photo by Byron Christopher

Amanda Young read a poem about her kid brother. I recalled seeing Amanda ten years ago. She was at the inquiry, sitting alongside her mother, the pair sharing tears and comforting each other. That's another image I can't delete. While people bowed their heads, Audrey Brooks said a short prayer for Kyle. Folk singer Maria Dunn then followed with a song about the dead teen.



Kyle's sister Amanda read a poem about the death of her younger brother

OPINION

Globalization, Justice, and the Church

By Brennan Pinchbeck

The preservation of human dignity and value has been one of the primary focuses of the Church throughout its history. There is an understanding that God created every human being and that every human being is given inexorable rights and value. These beliefs appear in the works of Christians like Francis of Assisi (poverty), William Wilberforce (abolition of the slave trade), Martin Luther King (civil rights) and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw (woman's suffrage). When the Church holds to these values and fights in the defense of God-given human worth and value it becomes strong, relevant and effective.

Unfortunately, far too often the Church remains inactive or complacent in the face of injustice. For example, the Church has stood by as our society sinks into a system of unrestrained capitalism

based on rampant consumerism and consumption. Our society lives off of cheap disposable products that are devastating our environment and undermining human value. The effects of this can be seen in the thousands of landfills and sweatshops around our world. Globalization has led us to buying artificially cheap goods manufactured under conditions that would be intolerable as well as illegal in any first world country. These products are artificially cheap because companies are not paying for the environmental damage that results from their processes of resource extraction and production. We can see this in the case of China. According to a long-term study completed in 2011 by the Ministry of Environment Protection and the Chinese Academy of Engineering, over 90% of the groundwater in cities was polluted to different degrees. Of 118 major cities, 64 had seriously contaminated groundwater supplies. This is highly alarming, as 70% of China's population relies on groundwater for their drinking water. This almost certainly is a result of China's booming manufacturing sector. They do not pay for the damage to worker health from working with chemicals that are toxic and conditions that are quite often

deadly. (Around 403,000 people in India die every year due to work-related problems, according to the International Labor Organization, a UN specialized agency which seeks the promotion of social justice and internationally recognized human and labour rights.) Globalization has also led to the loss of well-paying, good-benefit, manufacturing jobs in the first world.

Another side effect of our morally-lacking capitalist system is the commodification of the human being. We see this in many products: in the coffee we drink daily, in the rare earths found in our smart phones, in the growing sex industry - all industries that are teeming with examples of modern day slavery. There are an estimated 27 million slaves in the world and nearly two million children in the commercial sex trade worldwide according to UNICEF.

There are Christians working to fight injustices like these, but it is time for the greater church body to take action and start doing as Jesus would do. Let's start applying our beliefs within society, not with judgment and anger but with love for our fellow man. We should stand alongside our third world

brothers and sisters in their struggle for fair wages and reasonable working conditions. We should stand alongside our brothers and sisters trapped in the sex industry. We should demand more from our governments and corporations and sacrifice more for those suffering and in need. It is through service that we show the world what the kingdom of God looks like. Let's not forget the words of Jesus: "You've observed how godless rulers throw their weight around, how quickly a little power goes to their heads. It's not going to be that way with you. Whoever wants to be great must become a servant. Whoever wants to be first among you must be your slave. That is what the Son of Man has done: He came to serve, not be served—and then to give away his life in exchange for the many who are held hostage." (Matthew 20: 25-28, from "The Message" version of the Bible) Let us follow this example and serve our fellow man and not be complacent in his oppression.

If you would like to comment on this article, please go to: strathconajustice.blogspot.ca

Our Pension Deficit Disorder

By Timothy Wild

From both a social policy and historical perspective, public pensions have always been of interest for me. In the 1880s, Otto von Bismarck, the German Chancellor, introduced a scheme of pensions for all workers when they reached the age of 70. In many ways, this was an overtly political attempt to stave off the growth of socialism in the newly unified country and was in no way reflective of a generous disposition of the Prussian aristocracy. However, political expediency aside, it was certainly of some benefit to older workers. Then, throughout the British colonies, reflecting the political power of the large working class immigrant population, various models of pensions were introduced at the turn of the 20th Century. New Zealand, for example, developed a means tested pension system in the 1890s, followed by Australia in 1909. And, in the 1930s, the comprehensive approach of Roosevelt's New Deal brought Social Security to older Americans. Turning to Canada, the representatives of the working class in parliament were able to

encourage the minority Liberals under McKenzie King to introduce modest pension legislation with the Old Age Pensions Act (1927) which, subsequently yet slowly, provided the foundation for a broader array of social welfare measures. Overall, by using pensions as a central element of social policy towards seniors, this resulted in a sharp decrease in poverty rates amongst older adults (particularly older, single women). As noted by Public Interest Alberta, The Alberta College of Social workers and the Edmonton Social Planning Council, in From words to action: Alberta can afford a real poverty reduction strategy,

"Significantly reducing seniors poverty is the greatest Canadian social policy achievement of the past 40 years."

While, pensions have always been of interest to me, now that I am getting a bit older, pensions are taking on an even more personal dimension. Truth be told, I am thankful to work for an organization that offers a defined benefit pension. And I am grateful for the promise of this security. Essentially, a defined benefit pension means that at a certain

point (based on age and years of employment) I will be guaranteed a certain income, indexed to inflation for the rest of my life. I understand that not many people enjoy this benefit, but it was one of the factors that led to my joining the organization all those years ago. However, that certainty is now in danger of being cast aside. The provincial government is looking at ways to cover the presumed liabilities of these pensions, and is undertaking a full-scale review of the various plans, including the plan that I belong to. Now there are those who believe that public sector pensions are much too lavish. Mark Milke, of the Fraser Institute, recently wrote an editorial in the Calgary Herald, with the title "It's time we retired too-generous public-sector pensions". Once again, the argument is made that rather than increasing the benefits of other workers to this level, that public pensions should be reduced. This is hardly surprising given the old fashioned ideology of the Fraser Institute. But I think if we want a more equitable society we need to expand - not reduce - benefits.

Certainly, I could be accused of self-interest in all of this. Point well taken. But it isn't only my pension, and financial security, that's under attack - there is a larger assault on the fundamental economic foundations of retirement. The Federal Government, for example, has made a significant policy

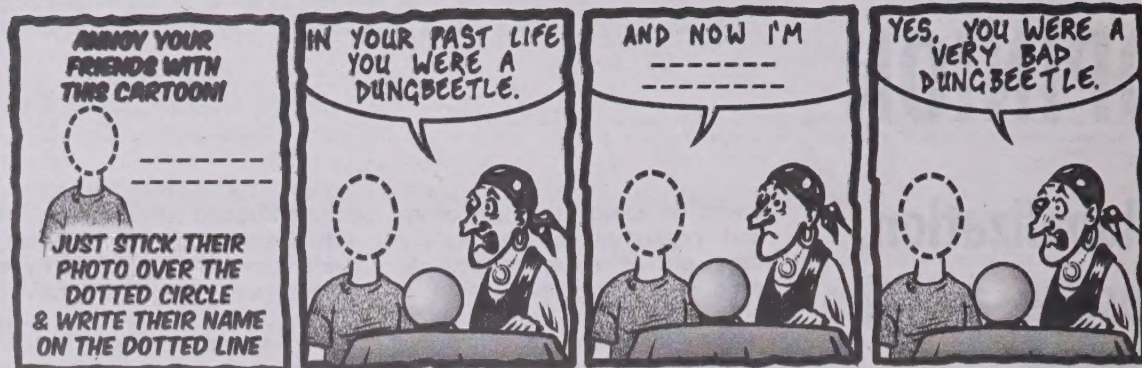
change in this area by raising the retirement age from 65 to 67 - meaning that most people will now work two extra years to contribute to public coffers in taxes etc. This also means that lower income older adults will have to wait an additional two years in order to qualify for the increased benefits of pensions. Given the current construction of our economy, this will certainly enhance the feminization of poverty.

Finally, with the promotion of RRSPs by the financial services sector, together with veiled questions about the actuarial sustainability of the Canada Pension Plan (CPP), it seems that collective provision will be lost to an ill placed understanding of individual responsibility. I am certainly not saying that people should not be able to provide for extras through RRSP savings in their retirement, but I do hope that public pensions will continue to provide a minimum standard of living, and that economically marginalized seniors receive adequate supports through programs such as Old Age Security (OAS), the Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS) and the Alberta Seniors Benefit. And, as noted by Richard Shillington and others, RRSPs are not the best retirement instrument for all people. They also serve as a means for wealthier Canadians to delay paying taxes, which then has implications for

Page 4 Continued

public finances. According to the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, in their Alternative Federal Budget (2014), if the annual RRSP contribution was limited to a maximum of \$20,000, this would result in savings to the government of over \$1 billion. Moreover, the much-hyped Tax-Free Savings Account (though not technically a retirement vehicle) provides tax shelters to wealthier Canadians at a cost to the public treasury.

So, what does this mean? Well, when it comes right down to it, the only way to truly ensure individual rights it through a solid foundation of collective provision. Otherwise it is, as noted by Billy Bragg, merely "privilege extended". That being the case, we really need to keep an eye on what is happening in the pensions world because it took a long time to create a functional public system, and can be dismantled with startling ease; it is happening even as we speak. The topic and reality of public pensions should be of interest to all of us.



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Finding Common Ground

Consultation & Collaboration In The Development of Non-Market-Housing in Edmonton

By Jay Freeman

This article is based on a presentation made on January 18 by Jay Freeman, Executive Director of Edmonton Homeless Commission, at "Won't You Be My neighbour?", a forum presented by Citadel Theatre.

People have an inalienable right to adequate housing. This right to adequate housing is codified as a human right in the 'Universal Declaration of Human Rights' to which Canada is a signatory. The right to adequate housing applies to everyone – regardless of age, economic status, group or affiliation and must not be subject to any form of discrimination. (UN International Covenant on Economic, Social & Cultural Rights – Article 11.1)

The C.D. Howe Institute has said, "The provision of affordable housing is a basic pillar of a civilized society," and T.D. Bank has pointed out, "Housing is a necessity of life...yet one in five households in Canada is still unable to afford

acceptable shelter." Access to adequate, affordable housing is a critical foundation for social inclusion, neighbourhood vitality, individual and community health (especially for children) and employability. Consider for a moment how difficult it is to secure and maintain employment without stable housing. No home – no job, No job – no home. Current research demonstrates that housing influences a child's well being in three important ways: symbolically, meaning that housing and neighbourhoods affect a child's sense of identity; physically (health and safety) and socio-economically. A national longitudinal survey of children & youth found a link between affordable home ownership and improved mathematics and reading scores. Math scores increased 5% points and reading scores increased 6% points amongst children in affordable homes. They also witnessed a lower dropout rate. In a local study of Edmonton inner-city schools we found that the main cause of student turnover was housing instability. One of the schools had a 96% student turnover rate in the school year. Now consider that educators claim that on average a child is set back one month in their learning each time they change schools.

T.D. Bank says, "We are used to thinking of affordable housing as both a social and a health issue...However, working to find solutions to the problems of affordable housing is also smart economic policy. An inadequate supply of housing can be a major impediment to business involvement and growth, and can influence immigrants' choices of where to locate." The provision of suitable, affordable housing is the only way to end chronic

homelessness. Ending chronic homelessness is not just the right thing to do, from a social justice perspective; it's the smart thing to do from an economic point of view. In Malcolm Gladwell's article, "Million Dollar Murray", two Reno, Nevada, police officers chronicled one homeless individual's interactions with the health, justice and social service systems. Over an 18 month period, 'Murray' rang up almost \$1 million in costs.

In Edmonton, in a little less than five years, over 2,600 individuals have made the journey from homelessness to home. The vast majority of those individuals are housed in independent apartments scattered throughout the community. Indeed, they could be your neighbour. And because we cannot choose our neighbours no consultation was required.

But we cannot hope to end chronic homelessness or address the affordable housing needs in our city by exclusively renting existing apartments. CMHC recently reported that our apartment vacancy rate is approximately 1.2% and that continued upward pressure on rents can be expected. Edmonton's 10 Year Plan to End Homelessness advocates for the development of 1,650 modest affordable housing units and 1,000 Permanent Supportive Housing units. In addition, there are approximately 40,000 Edmonton renter households that are currently paying in excess of 30% of their household income on rent – the usual measure of affordability. So what about new apartments for those leaving the street or just requiring an affordable unit? Is consultation required? Provided the land is suitably zoned the City does not require consultation. A basic premise of zoning is that we zone for the use, not the user.

For example, we zone land for neighbourhood commercial – convenience stores. Consultation is required if someone wants to use the land for some other use, say an industrial use, but no consultation is required if the intended use is as a convenience store and they comply with the regulations. And we don't get to choose who operates the convenience store. The same rules apply for residential zones.

Edmonton's Municipal Development Plan promotes 'complete, healthy and livable communities' that includes 'a range of housing choices, incorporating housing for various demographic and income groups in all neighbourhoods'. It also focuses on the provision of 'affordable housing in all areas of the city'. A variety of housing choices contributes to the long term stability of a neighbourhood and creates a varied built form which enlivens the physical and social character of the neighbourhood. A varied built form also provides flexibility for accommodating changing housing needs as the neighbourhood evolves through its life cycle. Increasing the variety of housing with a neighbourhood provides more consumer choice, increases affordability and enhances the City's ability to provide transit and other community services more efficiently and effectively.

We need to have a conversation with communities about how we might best achieve the range of housing choices, including affordable and permanent supportive housing. However, there has to be some 'rules of engagement'. For example, any discussion about the future occupants of the housing should be ruled 'off-side'.

How God's miracle was performed when I asked for a UFO sighting

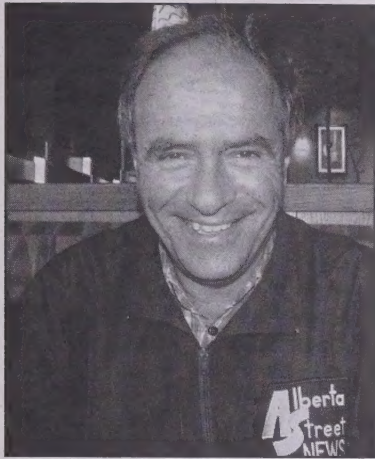


Photo by Theresa Walsh Cooke

We've often heard the many reports on world UFO sightings. The odd friend would tell me about once having seen a UFO flying over our city, but I, a total non-believer in this so called phenomenon, always had my doubts about these strange sightings until one day, after experiencing a new found faith in God.

I even went as far as trying to have my faith in God reinforced because of my feeling the pressures of heavy financial debt, constantly questioning my life span as a local free lance writer while I was working as a news reporter for

the Edmonton Senior Newspaper from January 2004 to August of 2010 and some of the harsh office politics that went with the stress of it all. I needed the higher power's support to reinforce my faith in God's support for me. So one day in May 15th of 2006, I asked the good Lord, as a way of testing his power and concerns for my well being, out of all miracles that I needed performed by the Almighty, I asked if he could verify to me if UFO's were also a part of what he created. After all, I figured since the Lord created the earth, the many planets in our solar system and that endless and expanding universe, he could have created UFO's as part of our everyday norm.

May 15th 2006 I went into a deep prayer asking the lord, "Oh Lord, oh Heavenly Father, are there really UFO's out there? Could you verify this to me by bringing me a UFO sighting? Could you have this sighting become a reality before the ending of the following month? Could you perform this miracle, once again reinforcing my belief in you? I thank you, oh Lord, Amen."

Exactly one month later on June 15th in the afternoon of a bright sunny day without a cloud in

the clear blue sky, I happened to be walking out to stretch my legs. While walking to the middle of my caretaker's back yard in the Millwood's community in Edmonton, where I once formally resided, I looked straight up, stretching my neck muscles. There hovering over me, like it was floating in slow motion, flying in a southbound direction, was what appeared to be a cigar shaped tripod looking object with two pointy antennas, shooting out at 45 degree angles at the tail ends of this cigar shaped UFO, with a vertical stern wheel in between the antennas on that tail end that acted as a propeller to navigate this object.

The cigar shaped object, which I estimated had been flying at around 1000 feet in altitude, similar size and height of the distance that you'd see Edmonton's Air One helicopter patrol flying at, suddenly started to turn around to the right making its gradual about face toward me, like it was probing me while checking out the human activity below where I was standing. This object then proceeded to fly slowly north bound as I pivoted my body in rotation while watching the object, fascinated by this sighting and realizing that my prayer from a month ago was now finally answered by God's powers.

The object kept flying northbound for another five seconds then made a sharp right turn, quickly accelerated into the equivalent speed of a comet streaking

across the sky, then miraculously disappeared. I then realized that this was evidence of an authentic UFO sighting and a true miracle that couldn't be denied for no manmade aircraft of any kind, not even a spy drone, has the aviation capability of moving as quickly as that object, or has the advanced technology to disappear into thin air.

Well you can imagine what I was probably thinking. I certainly wasn't saying, "What the Hell was that?" After all I knew better and got what I'd asked for.

Typically anyone who has spotted a UFO would have informed the UFO hot line, but I wasn't about to do so. I figured even if I reported this to the media, especially without the evidence in front of me, like a video taping of the whole event, the media would probably have labeled me as some invalid. So I decided on keeping the lid on that jar of beans just to save me humiliation. That sighting and God keeping his end of the deal in answering that miracle prayer made me realize that anything is possible and that there is no greater power than the Lord.

You know that saying rings true by the way - we only have limits, if we set limits for ourselves, but after witnessing God's wonderful miracle reinforcing my belief in his powers once again, I like this saying better, "The sky's the limit!"

By John Zapantis

Meals & Food Resources in Calgary

Drop-In Centre 1, 4th Avenue SE

All clients of The DI may access meal services. Meals and snacks are provided at no charge to anyone in need. Food service is offered on the 2nd Floor daily, 365 days a year.

Clients who are unable to attend regular meal service due to work or school commitments, or other verifiable appointments can receive a bagged lunch.

Bagged lunches can be arranged by request to any staff person, or through the Day Office located on the 2nd Floor.

Meal Schedules

Breakfast - 7:00 a.m.

Snack - 9:30 a.m.

Lunch - 12:00 p.m.

Snack - 3:30 p.m.

Dinner - 6:00 p.m.

Center of Hope 420_9th Avenue SE

Free for clients

Open to public for small charge

Breakfast: \$2.50

Lunch: \$3.00

Dinner: \$4.50

Emergency Meals (24 & Under)

EXIT Community Outreach

117-7th Avenue SW, Calgary

403-262-9953

Sunday 1 :00 pm -5:00p.m.

Emergency Meals - Youth EXIT Youth Shelter

11216 Ave NE, Calgary

7 days/week - 4:00 pm - 9:00 p.m.

Community Supports

Streetlight - Youth for Christ

Parks at 10th ave & 1 st Street SE

Monday & Thursday

Emergency Meals

Alex Community Health Centre

Unit 101, 1318 Centre Street NE

403-266-2622

Thursdays Only - 10:30 a.m.

Food Bank

Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank

403-253-2055

Food Hamper

NeighbourLink Calgary

403-209-1930

Food Bank

Calgary Inter-Faith Food Bank

403-253-2059

Food Bank

Calgary Poppy Fund and Veterans

Food Bank

Monday - Friday 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

Food Bank

Muslim Families Network Society: Halal Food

403-466-6367

www.MuslimFamiliesNetwork.com

Food Hamper

St. Edmund's Anglican Church

8336-34th Ave NW

Monday & Thursday

09:00 am - 12:00 Noon

Community Meals

Inn from the Cold

403-263-8384

Emergency Food

CUPS (Calgary Urban Project Society)

128-7th Avenue SE

Food Hamper & Meals

Feed the Hungry, St. Mary's Cathedral

Sunday Dinner

3:30 pm - 5:00 p.m.

Meals on the street outside City Hall

Calgary Street Church

Monday - 6:00pm,

Wednesday 11:00a.m.

Friday - 6:00pm Sunday, 1:00 p.m.

MEMORIAL

Edmonton Memorial March for Missing and Murdered Women Held at Sacred Heart Church

By Linda Dumont

More than 200 people gathered at Sacred Heart Church of the First Peoples for the Edmonton Memorial Walk for Missing and Murdered Women on February 14. After an introduction and prayer, the marchers left the church to march as far as City Hall and back to the church where they listened to speakers and shared a meal. Many of them carried signs with photos of loved ones who are missing or who have been murdered.



Photo by Linda Dumont

Memorial march organizer Danielle Boudreau holds a photo of her sister whom she is remembering.



Photo by Linda Dumont

Speaker Mona Gill with Jim Gurnett at Sacred heart Church of the First Peoples where more than 200 people gathered for the march.

Danielle Boudreau, who started the Memorial March in Edmonton nine years ago and has been organizing it since, was the main organizer. She gets donations, does the pr, and oversees all aspects of the march. Boudreau said, "It was just going to be for one year, but then my sister was killed by another

woman. Violence against women needs to be looked at and taken seriously. I lost my sister, I lost my friends, I lost my son."

"I would like to see less violence, less death, to see the numbers go down more. There are not as

many deaths in prostitution but there are still prostitutes being murdered. Violence is all over. It's not just prostitutes, but youth, the mentally ill, the elderly." Mona Gill, one of the speakers, a police officer who has worked with family violence. is currently running for the NDP party. She said, "I wouldn't

be doing this if it weren't for the work I am doing. We should all be concerned."

Every year more people are coming out to the march with more men taking part in this year's march than before.

UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL

Marchers Endure February Chill to Honour Missing and Murdered Women

By Allan Sheppard

"What do you want?"

"Justice!"

"When do you want it?"

"Now!"

"No more stolen sisters!"

That simple call-and-response chant was repeated over and over as a group of about 60 demonstrators marched between and through U of A central campus buildings at noon on February 14.

The marchers, a balanced mix of Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal men and women, had gathered at Pembina Hall, home of the university's Native Studies program, for the 24th annual Memorial March for Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women.

"The first women's memorial march was held in 1991 in Vancouver to commemorate the murder of a Coast Salish woman. Every year on February 14th, memorial marches are organized as a way to celebrate the lives of this woman, grieve those who we have lost, remember those who are still missing, and to call for justice." (Facebook event page set up by march organizers)

Marches were also held later in the day at Scarboro United Church, in Calgary, and Sacred Heart Church of the First Peoples in Edmonton.

Canada's annual memorial marches coincide with an international movement known as One Billion Rising that organizes rallies in communities around the world to acknowledge and challenge the fact that one-third of all women, roughly one billion worldwide, have been or will be raped or beaten in their lifetime. Out of respect for Canadian Indigenous women, organizers of One Billion Rising encourage recognizing the international movement on March 8, International Women's Day.



Photo by Allan Sheppard

Marchers braved the cold to march at the University of Alberta on February 14.



Photo by Allan Sheppard

Marchers braved the cold to march at the University of Alberta on February 14.



PAVEMENT STORIES

Pavement Stories is a research project conducted by John Whittaker with a grant from Homeward Trust. For the project ten people over the age of 40, who have experienced at least five years of homelessness, were interviewed. Stories from the interviews are being published in Alberta Street News. In this issue we have Belle's story from an interview with Belle last summer.

Belle's Story

Belle is 54 years old and has lived in Edmonton since 2000. She was a vendor for Alberta Street News until recently when she lost her vision. She is currently coping with blindness.

Belle: "My life has been incredibly hard. When I was born I was only two pounds and six ounces and I was born with Wolf-Parkinson-White Syndrome, a condition of the heart. I had a really terrible upbringing. I taught myself to be a good person because my grandparents were bad people. They raised me. There were seven boys and two girls, my sister and I, and they thought girls were only good for one thing. They sold us for sex ever since we were seven years old. It would have been better for us if we had been adopted or gone to a residential school, or to go anywhere else. I'm sure we would have been treated better than we were when we were little. We used to be put in a dark cellar and have to stay there for two days sometimes for punishment, or up in the attic. There was no light, nothing, so it would have been better to be in a home than where my sister and I grew up. I left there when I was 16 and I never, ever returned back



Belle

Photo by Linda Dumont

to that town because I didn't want my children to have the kind of life I had. I rejected it.

"When I was 16, 17 and 18, I was homeless. My grandmother died. It was the best day of my life, you know, because she was a bad person and because she sold me and my sister to men, and I wished her dead. I blamed myself for her death because I wished it; I prayed to God that He would take her away. And when she died, I went hitchhiking to see my mother. She was out in BC and I was not accepted by her husband who is not my real father, so she sent me away – 'You can't stay here', so I came Edmonton where my dad was supposed to be.

I was very sick with my gall bladder infection. They gave me sulpha drugs and I was already going blind and deaf."

Belle's body reacted to the sulpha

drugs, and she developed Stevens-Johnson's syndrome, an immune system disorder that affects the body's mucous membranes and causes blindness, deafness and severe skin disorders. Since then she has struggled with blindness and deafness. She has undergone 75 operations on her eyes and 200 operations on her ears in attempts to restore her vision and hearing. She was in remission for about 35 years, but since then, the disorder has returned, and she is currently nearly blind with only 25 per cent vision in one eye, suffering severe pain, and unable to leave the house without very dark glasses. She has been told that she will most likely lose even what vision she has left.

"My brother threw the keys down in the window and said to sleep in dad's tuck. I didn't know he was not my real father and I slept in his station wagon. The next

morning he asked me 'Where are your things' and I said 'In the car' and he said to leave it there and have a big breakfast so I had a huge breakfast – bacon, eggs, toast, hash browns, orange juice, coffee – I had everything and a glass of milk. Anyways, we went for a little ride and he dropped me off at CFRN down on Stony plain Road and said, 'This is where you get out', and he took his change and threw it at me with my luggage, my pack-sack and I had to leave. I was so homeless at that time. I hitchhiked to Winnipeg where I ended up in the hospital blind and deaf, and I came out and I've been homeless on and off."

Belle went back to school when she was 34 years old to get her high school and her teaching degree, as well as her Native Adult Instruction Diploma to teach anywhere on any reserve. She was deaf when she



Photo by David Burke

Andie stands on the street outside the St. Louis Hotel in Calgary.

The Early 1980's St. Louis Hotel's Stampede Week Party

By Andie A.L.

The St. Louis Hotel in the East Village has been around longer than I have lived in the east end and I have been there for over 20 years. The past memories are too many and are fresh in my mind today. It is like it just happened yesterday. When I am in the area, there are memories that keep reappearing. Of the many stories I

have wanted to write, this one for some reason keeps resurfacing; the past memories of patrons, acquaintances and friends has somehow become a topic in many conversations with my customers this month. My customers are waiting and are excited to read the next part in March.

Passing the Calgary Petroleum Club at 319 - 5th Avenue SW, I am reminded and encouraged to write another story.

The place was once called the Dynasty, a "white collar business suit lounge", in the early 1970's. The Eastside Petroleum Club was located in the northeast corner; they called it home base at the St. Louis. It was a claimed for many years as part of the tavern with a black and white banner on the eastside wall. Being a longtime veteran of the Louie, I can still see the Oil Sand workers mingling,

was in university and had to lip read to hear the instructor. Belle started teaching when she was 39 years old and taught for more than four years, but had to leave in the middle of the semester because of her growing blindness.

Belle: "I don't teach any more because I'm losing my vision and ever since coming to Alberta my life has been changed, totally changed. How I live? I used to be a cook up in a camp because I could not teach anymore because of my vision. And after that I had a brain aneurysm and 12 heart attacks and I had a quadruple heart bypass and I could not go to camp anymore. So after my heart attacks, I just sell my paper (Alberta Street News) and that's how I meet people.

"I love meeting people; they're everything to me. And it's not

just about the papers; it's about being in the community and trying to help somebody out. The resources in Edmonton are very minimal for people who are older. I never got any help at all. Well, I tried, like I said, the woman, who would help me look for a home, from the co-op, she was too busy, there were too many people, not enough apartments or places to live. I'm sure you could find a place but for \$700 a month, one room, or maybe \$600, but there are all those drug addicts and alcoholics and I wanted to be alone. I just didn't want to be amongst them.

"I started drinking and I never drank for 24 years until I moved to Alberta. And then after about three years of being in Alberta I started drinking when my husband died – that's when I started. Everything went downhill then, and I had to pick myself up and do something

with my life, and I started with my newspapers. That was the beginning – selling my newspaper. I sold it with my brother. I helped him to sell and he lived on the papers with the money he made. When he got too sick to go out there and do his papers, I went and got a vendor's license and I sold my papers for him and it bought food for him. This is how I survived, but he passed away. When he passed away it was lonely being on the street. Even though I'm positive, it was so hard to keep my chin up.

"I had to get out and do it on my own. I sell my papers. I saved up every little penny, everything I had, just to try to get a home and it took months and months and months – 11 and a half months. I saved my damage deposit and part of my rent and then I found this little house.

"I used to work at the House of Refuge Mission here in Edmonton for the homeless and I'd make 750 sandwiches a day and the cook would make 500 bowls of soup a day, and this is how I survived with that place. The president, his landlord had an extra house for rent so I applied for it and it's awesome. I applied for it and I got accepted and gave him the money. So I had to do this all by myself.

"I used to live in a tent down in the valley. I live there for two years in a tent. This person from the co-op would come and ask 'How are things going' and look for a place, but it didn't happen. It didn't happen soon enough and two years is a long time to wait, and then I got a pink notice on a branch – 'You've been evicted' so I knew I had to pack up my tent. I moved to Clareview into a tent and from there I applied for my home and I got it. It was only \$600 a month and it still is at \$600. That home is my pride now and I enjoy it. It means everything to me.

"People down on the streets

don't know where I live and I don't want them to know where I live because I used to let people in, who were homeless, because I have a big heart, and I used to get evicted because of them. Well this time it's not going to happen. I treasure what I have now whereas before living on the street became an easy way of life. It was hard but it was easy. It was hard because you always watch your back but it was easy if you kept your nose clean. The people followed me because I am a leader and whatever I say and do it's the Christian way and this is what kept me alive.

"In Edmonton you could never, ever starve. You could actually gain weight living in Edmonton and going from soup kitchen to soup kitchen. You could eat your breakfast, your lunch and your supper and then have snacks, which is awesome. The House of Refuge is the only place if you have addictions and you drink alcohol or do drugs – we are the only people that feed those kinds of people. When you are addicted like that you are so sick that you need your alcohol sometimes to survive. And if you have alcohol on your breath you're not allowed to go and eat. So in other words if you have a problem with addictions sorry but you are not human anymore. You cannot eat in this place. Which is really sad and this is where the House of Refuge comes in – we are willing to feed everyone and anyone because we all have to eat and that was a place where I could go and help others, not just with food but counselling because life is hard out there and sometimes they just need a listening ear."

(The House of Refuge Mission burned down on Oct. 19, 2013. At present they continue to give out food daily on the parking lot of Edmonton Cash Register.)

Continued next issue



Dale Delorme, Belle's late brother, sold Alberta Street News until his death in 2007.

sitting and drinking their draft beer to see who could win the beer drinking contest. There were also the oil execs in their suits.

I remember in the early years of the 1980's, during Stampede Week, seeing the owners from back at that time, brothers Howard and Leo B. and family members getting the downstairs tavern ready for the ten day Stampede party. One of the brother's nephews, Morris, was chosen to take over the hotel after they both passed away. After that time, I left Calgary to live in Lethbridge where I resided from the fall of 1997 to September 2005.

I was told by the staff two weeks prior that to enter the downstairs tavern I needed a VIP pass. The passes were given out to the City of Calgary employees, like the mayor, who was Ralph Klein, the Alderman, Corporate Oil Companies and local businesses that patronized the

Louie, and there were passes for the Provincial MLA's and Members of Parliament. I tried to ask some of the hired temporary Stampede staff if I could get a VIP Pass to get in. I was ignored. The staff didn't want to tell me if I was allowed to have a VIP Pass or not.

There was just a few days left before the greatest outdoor show on earth was to begin! I remember coming down to the Louie just before the 10:00 a.m. opening. The Molson beer truck was already outside loading the pallets of beer and kegs were being lowered down the front sidewalk shaft in front of the coffee shop window down into the basement. They had hung a banner above the St. Louis Hotel sign by the doors that stated, "Sponsored by Molson Canadian Beer."

I could hear the sounds of the juke box playing old country

songs like Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzel, George Jones and Patsy Kline. There were also the Carnival sounds of the Parade Floats and the crowd at the beginning of the loop by Fort Calgary.

I took a walk downstairs to see what was going on. I passed the kiosk of the fried chicken and chips. There were a couple of workers getting ready to assemble the fried chicken and the potato chips to eventually be put into the pressure cookers. The fried chicken and chips were the main food source for that part of the day. Along with their menu choices every Friday, their delicious beef ribs were a huge seller for the early 1980's St. Louis Hotel's Stampede Week Party. The Louie staff knew that there would be a line up outside to get inside from the stampede parade, and many, like me, would be without a VIP Pass.

Later that day the Tavern would look like a mini Nashville

North tent from the stampede grounds. There would be back to back patrons and I have seen it where one could barely move. The country music gig was playing, over powering the crowds, over screams, yahoo's, shouting and conversations. There was the grey haze of a smoke cloud and moving smoke rings that just lay above our heads. From the hungry parade goers to the beer drinkers celebrating the first day of the stampede, the place was packed and the bar would eventually clear out after lunch. The front entrance side door was propped open to clear out the cigarette smoke. I could barely see the back exit doors. And being sober myself, the heavy smoke obscured my vision from seeing the exit signs on the doors.

After the bar rush was over I recall the owners and their family and staff getting the west side

stage ready. This was where the band was going to play for the afternoon gig. There were rented chairs that surrounded the rest of the empty tables and were lined up around on the dance floor. It was unbelievable to see on how the bar tables and chairs covered the entire floor and carpeted area. You could see a small stream of patrons going in one line on the east side of the tavern from the front to the back doors and another line on the west side.

As time got closer to noon, the food kiosk began to cook the fried chicken and chips and the fresh smell filled the air. I saw how the trays of food were piled high, row by row inside the glass case where the food was waiting to be sold for \$3.50 a plate. As the noon hour faded the bar was tidied in preparation for the arrival of the VIP guests that would arrive later in the afternoon.

I was still a beer drinker back in the early years of the Louie. I think it was the worst time in my drinking career and I consumed more alcohol in those years. I became sober in April 1987. I drank heavily and hard and I was a binge drinker. It took days to get over the hang-overs especially after drinking and partying with the guys down at the Louie, often until the wee hours of the morning. My tolerance for the booze was high and I could continue the drinking for days. It took a day or two to recover from the party. At the time I felt this did not fit the meaning or definition of an alcoholic.

There were patrons lining up all day at my old haunt, the Louie. I was in some of those line ups on that first day in the afternoon after the stampede parade rush hour. I was standing outside waiting to get in and I wasn't given a VIP Pass. In passing I saw one of my drinking buddies, who worked for a corporate company, and he asked me why I was waiting in line. I said, "I'm waiting to get a VIP Pass." I hadn't started to drink yet that first day of the Stampede week at the Louie.

My buddy said, "Hey! I'll go back in to see if I can get you a pass." I waited for him to come back. He came back and said he almost had to fight the VIP Pass usher to get this pass. Then my buddle was followed outside to see who the pass was for. The VIP Pass usher didn't like who he saw. He was your typical red neck. The VIP Pass usher still wasn't going to let me in so my buddy went back inside to his table near the Ralph Klein table on the west wall of the tavern. He told his table what had happened outside and that Andie was getting the back lash and was not being let in, so the guys got up from their table and went outside. There must have been about 20 guys out there on the sidewalk. They stood there and protested, by singing a rhythmic cheer hoping to pressure the door man to let me into the tavern and to keep my VIP Pass. Some of the guys I was sitting with were off duty fire fighters and police officers! I was eventually able to get in and was protected by the guys at the table

who helped me to get in. I stayed close to the table for the rest of the afternoon and then the beer began to pour on the bar table and I began to drink into the evening. Every bar table in the tavern was full of draft glasses filled with beer. There was no one waiting for their drink to be served, even the hard drinkers had full glasses at the table. There were beer glasses aplenty sitting there for everyone to help themselves to, untouched by the patrons who had enough to drink. They were all busy dancing on the dance floor and engaged in conversations and much too busy to worry where their drinks went from the table. I got onto the dance floor to have a few old time dances, and already had a few glasses of beer. As the night moved on, I was eventually part of the group of guys who brought me in and we partied all night long. These were the best times of my life, where I was able to be with the guys, who had always enjoyed my company whenever we met down at the Louie.

These were just some of the highlights of a long ago Stampede Week Party at the St Louis Hotel. I'm hoping to see the Louie come back soon. I am thrilled the city has decided to renovate the old Louie. I'm hoping the city begins renovation sometime in 2014. I hope the new lease operator can bring it back to the old time look of when it was built in 1914.

Story to be Continued in the April's ASN 2014!

Free Meals In Red Deer

Barahcah Place
4611-50 Avenue
Lunch – 12:00 to 1:00 p.m. Monday to Friday

Loaves and Fishes
6002-54 Avenue
403 347-1844
Supper – 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday

Potter's Hands,
4935-51 Street
403 309-4246
Breakfast – 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 a.m. Monday to Friday
9:00 to 11:00 a.m. Saturday
Lunch – 11:30 to 1:00 p.m. Monday
Supper – 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. Tuesday

Seventh Day Adventist Church
5014 – 49 Street
403 341-4470
Supper 4:30 to 5:30 p.m.
Thursday and Saturday



ANIMATION & ILLUSTRATION

CLASS STARTS MARCH 2014

"Pixel Blue College changed my life. I was able to turn my love for illustration into a career, something that I didn't think was possible."

- MEGHAN H.



Homeless Man Sleeps In a Shed And Collects Returnables For Survival



Photo by John Zapanis

Kim Belcourt sits in the cold waiting patiently for a motorist or passersby to make the a returnable deposit in his "Please Recycle" carriage setup by Tim Horton's.

By John Zapanis

Kim Belcourt once had it all, a nice wife, a son, a huge house and a men's formal wear business that paid the bills and looked after his happy family. While operating his Edmonton business, Lord Belcourt Formal Wear and Tuxedo Rentals, from 1974 to 1979, the pressures of juggling being a responsible husband and a caring parent to his son with running a men's wear store took its toll. Heavy drinking came into the picture as a stress reliever. Due to his heavy drinking his wife no longer had the patience to tolerate his bad habit, so she took his only son and their marriage ended in divorce.

After the divorce went through, his wife struggled with a bout of depression. Facing the end of the road one day, she decided on taking her life, leaving her son without a mother to care for him. Kim was devastated by the tragic ending. He closed down his business and put it all behind him. During Kim's second marriage he fathered a daughter and by that time was working with a friend who operated an insulating business at the Wabamun Power Plant at Wabamun Lake, Alberta.

After working for a year as an insulator, the job experience encouraged him to write for his journeymen's ticket at a trade school called West Terra, where he successfully completed the course and got his ticket by age 30. During that time his friend became the new manager at the plant and big changes were about to be made. The plant was about to experience a shutdown to do repairs for its operations. His employer gave him the offer of a supervisory position with the condition that he find 300 to 400 new workers from other

rival companies that could merge with this insulating business. Kim successfully recruited employees from various insulating companies and merged those companies and its employees with his current employer's company. He was then appointed as supervisor for a noble deed well done.

At age 40 Kim started hitting the bottle once again, while struggling with marital problems during his second marriage. His life was intolerable because his wife hated him for his romance with the bottle. She pushed for a divorce that ended their marriage. To express his gratitude for the good times they shared during that marriage, he sold their house for \$120,000, giving her and their daughter the proceeds from the sale and all the furniture that went with the home.

After their divorce, he started to rebuild his life once again. He attended an alcohol rehabilitation program at Henwood. Once he completed rehab, he found a job at Jellinick House. Jellinick House was a half way house for recovering alcoholics trying to reintegrate back into the working population. Kim's responsibilities included watching over the residents to see that their demands were met. If residents came back to the house intoxicated or on drugs, he would then evict them from the building. Once Kim reached his one year period working at Jellinick house, things started getting rowdier for the supervisor of the house, who encountered numerous complaints from the residents. He could no longer tolerate the job pressures of dealing with those people, so the supervisor resigned his post and Kim replaced him and worked

there for another two years. One day Kim went out to Wabamun Lake to help out a few guys with building a cabin. It was there that the two men offered Kim an invitation to their cabin's drinking party. The drinking party went on all night causing him to become a runaway trainwreck once again, falling off the wagon. From then on the drinking started to get out of control as he continued to spiral into alcoholism. The following Monday, while struggling to get out of bed and hoping to get to his job at that halfway house, he felt an excruciating pain in both his hips, a re-occurrence of pulled hip discs from a previous bad fall in a back alley. The horrible pain of it all nearly made it impossible for him to get up from his bed. He barely made it up on his feet. That's when he decided on calling it quits. He never returned to work again at Jellinick House.

Just two years ago his third spouse from a common-law relationship got into a heated argument, grabbed a knife and started stabbing Kim in the back. Though he managed to defend himself, the policing authorities were called in to separate the two and an agreement was reached where a no contact order was enforced advising both spouses to stay away from one another. That fuss ended the relationship and forced him out of the residence that he shared with the woman, forcing him to live out on the street, homeless. Since that time on, he has managed to survive on Edmonton's many streets. He discovered an unoccupied garbage shed in a back alley that was once used by a nearby apartment but was no longer used as a shed for storing garbage cans. He currently uses that shed as his evening crash pad. At first when

he hit the streets he'd dumpster dive, looking for returnables to cash in. Then he decided that dumpster diving wasn't the way to go, getting all dirty just for a few bottles.

Today you can find Kim a.k.a. Maverick with his long hair, beard and cover-alls at the west end parking lot entrance at Tim Horton's on 112 street and 104 Avenue in Edmonton's Oliver community, sitting by a shopping carriage with a sign on its front that reads, "Please Recycle". The cart's purpose is to attract motorists or passersby, who can volunteer to deposit returnable Tim Horton's water bottles, pop cans or paper coffee cups that will help fill Kim's pocket and help to clean the environment. Kim prefers to be out there with his recycling cart from Mondays to Sundays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. throughout the year.

Concerned passersby and motorists have been more than generous and helpful with their time in donating cash and returnables, helping to make Kim's day. Recently a couple named Barry and Bridgett, who live in a nearby condo, took Kim to Mark's Work Warehouse and bought him \$400 dollars in winter clothing. Even the managers at Tim Horton's love to get in on the action.

Belcourt said, "The manager even comes out and says, to me, 'Come in Maverick, get warm.'"

Kim earned his street name Maverick. The name reflects his giving spirit, when making ends meet at the close of the day and helping out the odd street friend to a cup of Tim Horton's, or even the odd Tim Horton's card that is donated to him through kind Tim Horton's motorists and customers who love to drop in for the 'greatest coffee in the Land'!

Kim has one cautionary word of advice for anyone, who might be homeless out there who is thinking of crashing in a shed for the night. Belcourt said, "The one thing bad about living on the street is, don't stay in a shed if you hear the bleep, bleep, bleep from city graders. You better wake up, because if you don't, you'll get snowed in. One time I got snowed in my shed. The plow pushed all the snow against my wooden shed and I couldn't get out. It was 8 o'clock in the morning. The heavy wet snow blocked me in. It was two hours later, when I heard someone walking down the back alley and I hollered and they said, 'Well, what can we do?', and I said, 'Phone the fire department or phone the police, or get a couple of people to help dig me out.' Then this person came walking by. He came with a bunch of buddies and they had two shovels and shoveled me out. I got out at 10 in the morning. Two hours later."

It's no wonder they call him "Maverick". Not only is he on a mission to give and take, while helping Edmonton's needy. He's also daring and very entertaining!

As Parents We Become Mirrors To Our Children



By Maria B.

Identification is a subtle process that begins soon after birth; it means the process by which the young child imitates and internalizes the characteristics of his or her parents during the formative years. For children the formative years begin at birth and extend up into adolescence during which time one forms a basic identity and sense of self. The identity formed is usually not only from the actions of the parents but how the parents think and act has a very strong influence in the identity that children form. Our parents become our image in the mirror that we strive to imitate in every way.

As parents, we have the greatest impact on how our child develops, and especially how he or she develops his or her own conscience. The process begins with the initial bonding that is formed between you and your child soon after birth. The strength and quality of this bond will serve to establish the very foundation on which a conscience is eventually built. If a child does not feel loved and cared for on a consistent basis by a parent, the child will have great difficulty in developing empathy at a later age when he/she is able to begin to gain awareness between his/her needs. At this stage they are oblivious about the needs of others. When our basic needs for love and care have not been fulfilled by our mother, we will be feeling like an empty pit and trying to get other people to fulfill these needs at the expense of others. Because of my upbringing and lack of love, this is one of the areas where I fail as a mom. I was an empty vessel trying to fulfill my needs unaware of the feelings of others, doing things exactly as I learned from two empty shells - my parents. I gave my children the basics that children needed but the most important thing that I did not demonstrate to them was love, not just saying it but forming a bond with them. People told me not to nurture too much because they would get spoiled. I put them in the crib instead of cuddling them while they were drinking their bottle. Trying to breast feed them was very painful and no one, not even the nurses,

took the time to explain to me that the pain would subside within days. In time it looked like I had no milk. I should have kept on trying. I just gave up too easily because that is what I knew to do. I did the things that my instincts as mother would do - I protected them, I did not abuse them in any way, I kept them cleaned and fed but I was emotionally absent until a friend of mine, with her actions as a mother, brought realization to me. One day we were with our children and she looked at her son and said: I love you., her son turn to her and said " I love you, Mom". Suddenly it was like I became awake and aware of what it was to give love to a child. From that day on I did everything possible to show love to my children in many ways.

But I feel if I had done this from the start it would have been so beneficial for my children. Children mirror and learn everything from their parents' behaviours; if the child experiences that the parents are caring, they will learn to be caring but if there is fighting between the parents, the children learn shame, guilt, anger and fear. Children learn how to relate to other in the same manner that a parent relates to the child. Ultimately what is of great importance for the child is the quality time that you spend with your child as it will enhance your relationship and strengthen the bond between your child and you as a parent. Strengthening the bond, fostering a sense of belonging, and communicating love and respect for the child will develop the capacity for your child to empathize with others. If you ignore your child's emotional pain, they in turn will have difficulty in feeling remorse when they cause pain to others. We know as adults that we are able to sustain a caring relationship with someone when we feel respected and cared about and who has our best interest at heart. Children do not develop a sense of right and wrong just by imitating their parents; there has to be guidance and training. Parents have to set limits in order to make their children realize what is accepted and what is not accepted. You can love and nurture your children, but if you do not set limits or modify non-social behaviours, the children will most likely grow up having a sense of entitlement, which leads them to feel they can step on the rights of others. Permissive parenting causes a lot of damage. Children need to know what kind of behaviour is acceptable and what kind of behaviour is not acceptable. This should be done at the level that the child can understand. As parents we must come to the realization that our actions are being mirrored by our children and we must become mindful before we act.

Finally, there needs to be consistent instruction around the issue of empathy. For a young child, this is usually something as simple

as mentioning that a behaviour hurts someone's feelings. It is of great importance that as parents we model the correct behaviour so that the child is able to understand not only by what the child is told but through our actions. In order for a child to develop a conscience, first the child has to have the awareness of consciousness of self. This is when a child is put in front of a mirror and watching the response. Most of them reach out and try to touch the image in the mirror, thinking that there is another baby in front of them. For the child to develop a conscience the child has to realize that the person in the mirror is himself. Self consciousness is being aware of one self. Private self consciousness is focusing in our thoughts, feelings, motivations and an overall sense of self. Looking within. Public self consciousness is a sense that someone is watching us, when we're in public. Most of us who live in this culture are all too familiar with a growing number of events and stories involving children and teens that commit crimes. The Columbine tragedy has left us with a deep sense of sadness as well as horror about what can happen when children grow up without a secure sense of being valued, and with an inability to feel connected to those around them. The news is full of stories about children who have infringed on the rights of others, sometimes very seriously. We are witnessing a growing phenomenon in which unconscionable acts perpetrated by children and teens are landing them in adult court, and often, adult prisons, sometimes for life. In horror we hear about children committing crimes and yet as parents we seem oblivious as to what is causing these children to kill.

I will say that parents that bring up children without giving them the attention and love that these children rightfully deserve, fail to form a way of identification and fail to form a conscience. We have parents that know that sexual content in movies or shows only serve to desensitize children and distort their mind and yet how many parents feel it is o.k. to allow their toddlers to watch violent movies, movies with sexual content and foul language and expect that these children will grow up with a healthy development. For a toddler how will their conscience will develop after seeing and being subjected to violence in any form? How will a toddler will learn that he/she is a valuable human being after seeing a movie where a woman is used as a sexual toy? The eyes of children are like cameras and from what they see they will form distorted thoughts that will control their actions in every way. Generally, people link having a conscience with knowing the difference between right and wrong, being able to empathize with others, feeling remorse when causing

another's pain, and having the capacity to inhibit behaviour that is unlawful or unethical. In other words, we can conduct ourselves according to the basic laws and social conventions of our society while at the same time promote the well being of our fellow man. This definition focuses on two basic categories, one of which has to do with what is right or just, and other which has to do with our connection to others in positive and nurturing ways. Through the things that our children see, we are feeding them the kind of material that is going to dictate how to act. If you tell a child to act sexy, that child will do exactly that and what you are doing is teaching that in order to get attention he/she must act sexy.

To me when a parent is allowing a child to view adult material that is telling her that she is nothing but what she sees on TV and in order to survive she has to learn to act as they do in the mature programs. These children will become so sexualized that will become objectified. Their moral compass is based on the programs that their parents allow them to watch.

If we demonstrate respect for our children, love them and give them the sense of belonging, they will have moral development and they will be just and able to make moral decisions that affect their well being. I do not understand how a parent will say it is o.k. for their toddlers to watch adult movies and expect that is not going to be an affect on their minds. That kind of information scrambles their brain because they are too little to understand but at the same time what they see becomes lessons on how to act. People think is funny when their little girl comes from school and tells you that she has a boyfriend. To me this is an excellent opportunity to talk to them and explain them that little girls do not have boyfriends.

One's conscience is formed basically through three processes that take place during the early and middle years, and are refined during adolescence. These are the processes of identification with parents, instruction and training, and interactions with one's environment. We must think how the media, violent games and sexual images are affecting the mind of our child. As parents we have the obligation to protect our children in every way and ensure that we are not corrupting their mind. And/or we are not allowing no one else to corrupt their mind in any way. Children are born with divine innocence. Their eyes are like cameras taking what they see but the rest is to be undefined by their innocence. Our job is to ensure that our children grow up healthy and able to be open to possibilities that in the end will contribute to the kind of incredible human beings that they will become.

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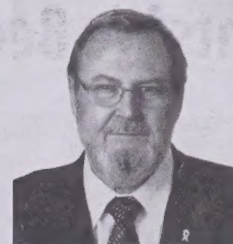
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PETER GOLDRING
Member of Parliament
Edmonton East

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY

Canada's annual seal harvest comes with accompanying emotional propaganda from "animal rights" groups. They have been effective in convincing the European Union to ban Canadian seal exports through misinformation, though interestingly the Europeans have no problems with the popular spectator sport of animal torture known euphemistically as bull fighting in France, Portugal and Spain. There is no fight. Bulls are cruelly crippled by the picadors then teased mercilessly by the matador before being slaughtered. For these groups, misleading information about the seal harvest is a very effective fundraising tool. The truth is that Canada has strict, science-based, regulations which are reviewed regularly, to ensure a humane harvest. Certainly there is no conservation issue: the most harvested seal, the harp seal, has a population nearly three times what it was in the 1970s.

New commercial sealers must work under an experienced sealer for two years to obtain a professional licence. In addition to that two-year apprenticeship program, governments, industry and other stakeholders deliver comprehensive information workshops in advance of the season.

Approximately 6,000 individuals derive all or part of their income from the seal harvest. Some of these are indigenous people, while others are what I call "eurigenous," the descendants of the early Europeans that came to Canada and who to this day hunt seal to augment their family incomes. It is likely that the curtailing of the harvest in recent years has resulted in a decrease in fish stocks, an inevitable result of the increase in the seal population. The economic impact of a ban on the seal harvest therefore also affects Canada's fishing industry.

The truth is the seal harvest is closely monitored and tightly regulated to ensure the animals are harvested in a humane manner, as are our hunted animals and farm animals that end up on our grocery store meat counters.

What do you think?

780-495-3261 www.petergoldring.ca

The Spelling Bee

By Sharon Austin

"We don't have to learn spelling anymore, Grandma. The computer tells us if we spell something wrong," my ten year old granddaughter informed me. Apparently spelling is now relegated to something we did in the "old days." I remembered the charts of gold stars on the classroom wall for those who got their spelling tests all right and the spelling bees. I smiled to myself, remembering one particular grade five spelling bee that taught everyone an unexpected lesson.

Our small three-room country school had no gym, but that didn't stop us from playing volleyball on an outdoor court, and softball on the rough diamond in the grassy field. The teachers seemed to be obsessed with team sports, sometimes even making us play at recess and after lunch. I could never see the point of team sports. In the grand scheme of things what possible difference could it make if I hit a ball with a bat or if our team won or lost. I also saw how team

sports brought out the worst in people. The same classmates who could act relatively normal in the classroom became red faced screaming monsters on the playing field if one dared to miss the ball. As for exercise, most of us got all we needed pitching hay, slopping hogs, and walking miles to school.

Mrs. Chillingworth had chosen the twins, Lester and Chester to be team captains as she always did. Being fourteen in grade five, they had a definite advantage over most of us and were wonderful players. In those days there was no "social promotion" and some students stayed in grade school until they could quit at sixteen. Billy...Hector...Clyde...one by one the names were called as the team captains chose sides for softball. I slunk lower in my seat, knowing that I would be one of the last ones chosen, if my name came up at all. I disliked softball almost as much as I despised volleyball and I was a very poor player. I always put myself way out in left field where the ball rarely landed. There

I would spend my time dreaming up wonderful stories and finding pictures in the clouds. Only once do I remember the ball daring to come near me and that was when it unexpectedly hit me on the head! Hazel...Birtha...Bessie..., the humiliation continued until the teacher motioned for me to be on Chester's team. Chester groaned loudly and Mrs. Chillingworth marched us to the door. One look outside and my heart soared with joy—it was pouring rain! I would be able to finish that book I had stuffed in my desk after all. Mrs. Chillingworth had other ideas, "We'll use these same teams for spelling softball," she said, as she marked out a rough diamond with desks. "Five words spelled right in a row and you get a home run." School work had never been a problem for me and I loved spelling, "This could be fun," I thought.

February...Saskatchewan...believe...Mrs. Chillingworth called out the words as I flew around the bases hitting home run after home run and scoring points for

my team. It was a heady feeling to hear my team cheering my name over and over. For the first time in my life I understood why someone would actually want to be part of a team. I wasn't taken in by the praise, though. I knew they were only cheering for me because we were winning. Lester began complaining loudly saying, "That's not fair Mrs. Chillingworth, we chose sides for softball not spelling...Besides Chester really didn't pick her so she should be on our team."

I was laughing on the inside! Lester and Chester got into a shoving match which Mrs. Chillingworth ended with a glare. A few days later Lester and Chester were again at the front of the room ready to pick their teams. Lester walked to the window and stared at the cloudless blue sky; he stared at me, then back up at the sky. I could almost see the wheels slowly turning in his mind. He turned to Mrs. Chillingworth and questioned "Are you sure it's not going to rain?"

A RORY STORY

By Rory Gaudon

Over the years I have been Street Performing. I have encountered many different types of performers and this is my friend Carisa Hendrix. A talented Fire Performer. She has traveled overseas and now is an International Performing Artist. Carisa even set a World Record in Ripley's Believe it or Not's, Archives in Italy. This talented actress is a resident of Alberta, and an excellent entertainer. She also employs buskers, actors and actresses to work with and for her. As a professional performer when showcasing fire acts, she ensures all spectators. That she does this for a living and is professionally trained, making sure the audience knows not to try these extremely dangerous stunts at home. If you would like to learn more about her. Please google search her name, Carisa Hendrix to learn more about her numerous accomplishments, over the last several years.

A Rory Story and Play Safe message from Carisa Hendrix



"Hello Ladies and Gentlemen one day in the fire kingdom, I was approached by Scary the first male Banshee who was seeking my wisdom.

I sat upon my throne, leisurely rehearsing and thinking about my next show, because after all, I am a pro. My ghoulish friend Scary, confronted me with his sexual fantasy, he had a dream and was determined to become a lean, keen sex machine. Scary secretly tried too, convince me too breathe some flames of fire, with all my love, passion and desire, on his butt? Yes, that silly little nut! Thought a



stepped backwards, towards the flames of my fiery pit. Suddenly I raised an eyebrow, watching how; a flame engulfed the seat of his pants. This caused him to go into shock; panicking he jumped up and down, in a chaotic trance. Temporarily mesmerized, I watched Scary scurry in a hurry, past my throne, howling in pain, trying to put out every flame. I must admit, no peace of mind for pleasure, did he gain. It was obvious to me, this was an emergency. So I swiftly ran after my horrified friend doing my best to apply First Aid. Scary was hurt and even I "The Fire Goddess" was afraid. As you can see, he ran directly, towards the water and jumped in, too drown the sparks and flames from this disastrous cloth fire, my friend!!!

The End

Unfortunately Scary found out the hard way on that day and learnt. You should never, and I mean never turn your back or stand too close to an open flamed fire, because there is the possibility that you will end up like him, severely burnt.

blast of heat on his seat would give him the hottest buns in town and all of us single women would fondle him dearly, when he hung around? Without hesitation I said, No! You have to stop thinking like a fool; if you don't use the inferno with respect, it will turn into your worst enemy a scorching hot dangerous tool!!!! Startled by my answer, he awkwardly

Cartoons by Cartoon Bob. Water coloring and article done by Rory from www.mydwarfsworld.ca March 29, 2011

Sincerely, Rory "The Gnome, Leprechaun and Robotic Robognome" Gaudon

MISSION

Edmonton Street News Society provides a voice, employment and social support to those who need these, and communications perspective dealing with poverty and social justice, by education and communication activities, including publishing a street newspaper.

Values/Beliefs/Guiding Principles

We believe in being inclusive and encouraging. We believe that human rights are fundamental to living together. We believe that everyone deserves the opportunity to earn and control their money. We believe in journalistic and organizational professionalism and integrity. We believe the public needs to know about the issues of poverty and social justice. We value community and connecting with others. We Value passion and determination. We believe everyone deserves the opportunity to learn, develop and use communication skills.

Home Remedies That Really Work

I've been using warming bottles ever since a camping trip with my grandson about ten years ago. The cabin we were to sleep in was chilly, so to warm up our beds, I filled pop bottles with hot water for instant hot water bottles. I've been using them ever since. A large gallon jug will keep warmth all night even when temperatures drop below zero. If you are camping, you have the water to use in the morning.

When the car starts spinning out in deep snow and ice, throw cat litter under the wheels. Keep a small bag of Dollar Store cat litter in the trunk of your car.

If you are an extreme cheapskate, or have just run out of coffee filters, cut the corners out of old pillowcases to make re-usable coffee filters.